

The Critic

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FOR the remainder of the summer—more definitely, until the 22d of September next—THE CRITIC will be published fortnightly. This temporary change in the period of issue is due to the fact that, during the months in question, the publishing business is stagnant,—the theatres and art-galleries are closed,—the orchestras that make New York their winter home are absent on missionary tours of the States,—and the opera-singers are fled to Europe, followed by thousands of good Americans.

The next number of THE CRITIC will appear on July 14, and subsequent numbers at intervals of two weeks, until the date mentioned above—September 22—when the regular weekly issues will be resumed.

The proposed change will have the effect of postponing the expiration of each subscription to a later date than that on which it would otherwise expire.

A Bewitched Poet of Long Ago.

LITERARY folk, as well as students of the black arts, should feel interested in the recent publication, in England, of a most curious volume. For more than two centuries and a half, the 'Demonologia' of Edward Fairfax has gathered dust in a few favored libraries in manuscript copies alone. Scholarly scion of a warlike house,—successful translator of Tasso,—his 'Godfrey of Bulloigne' taken with all favor by the capricious hand of his sovereign, Queen Bess,—writer of sundry charming eclogues, and styled by Dryden the poetical father of the gentle Waller,—the author had the misfortune to be also father in the flesh to a couple of witch-ridden daughters: the fair Helen, aged twenty-one, and Elizabeth, an 'infant of seven.' 'Demonologia' is an intelligent discourse upon a nightmare of witchcraft in the poet's home. It is also an astonishing revelation of credulity and superstition in one of the most cultured spirits of that Golden Age. Taken as a whole, the charm of the book lies in the glimpse it affords us of rural and domestic life at one of the most stirring and interesting periods of English history.

Edward, son of famous old Sir Thomas Fairfax, of Denton, lived with his family at Newhall, 'among,' as he pictures it, 'the rough and heath-strewn wilderness of Washburn Valley.' Newhall in 1621 was a lonely

house, with gray slate roof, and windows made of narrow lights divided by thick mullions.

Close at hand, a bonny river flowed over great stones. All around, were rolling hills, and thick forests. Not far away was Timble Gill, the glen where witches held their Sabbath. Long years before, a man had been murdered at Timble Gill, and his ghost, called by the country folk 'flay bogle,' walked those green glades, until a 'wiseman' or conjuror was found to 'lay' it. Thither, on a carpet of wood anemone in bloom, with primroses and hyacinth and blue forget-me-nots in thousands, the witches would transport poor Helen and hapless young Elizabeth to feast with them at midnight. 'At the upper end of the table sat their master, *vis.*, the devil; at the lower end Dibb's wife, who was the cook.' The witch-guests wore 'red petticoats and blue waistcoats and ruff bands, and a cross cloth on their heads.' Each was attended by her familiar, either spotted cat, or yellow crow, or deformed 'thing,' or 'creeping red thing no bigger than a mouse,' or weird hare. Verily, to see all this, one would be willing to fall in 'deadlie extasie!'

The outset of Helen's malady, soon acquired by small Elizabeth, was a trance, in which, falling suddenly on the green rushes of the floor, she began to parley with unseen enemies, who grievously afflicted her. On that day, peace took wing from the poet's hermitage. Helen and her spirits led him a woeful dance. In and out, the evil things came, amid the pretty homely avocations of the family. Helen—whether set to milk the kine; to bleach, like Nausicaa, the linen of the house; to sew a cuff with true stitch in black thread; to baste the capon; to fetch eggs from the hay-mow; to shut up the silver spoons in the family 'ark' (where such treasures stayed); to feed the fire with turf from the moor; to plait and starch her ruffs; to carry loaves of bread, raisins, and sugar-cakes as friendly tokens to the neighbors,—under no circumstances could poor Helen be secure from witch visits. And so with Elizabeth. In vain did pious father and afflicted mother invoke the aid of bell and book. Witches rioted at Newhall. By night, by day, in house-place and by river-side, came 'Thorp's wife' with her yellow bird 'Tewhit,'—came 'Jennet Dibble,' with her fiendish 'Gibbe,'—came 'Peg Wait,' to whose horrible cat, 'Ingles,' was allotted the task of sucking breath and life-blood from her victims!

With the apparent recovery of both sufferers, 'Demonologia' ends somewhat suddenly. Family records show that Helen and Elizabeth married, founding families developing no trace of the disorder which so sorely puzzled their learned forefather. An argument in favor of the co-education of the sexes might be the fact that while the sons of Edward Fairfax were highly educated men, inheriting the classical tastes of their progenitor, the daughters are said to have been only able to sign the marriage register with a cross. It will be a relief to the reader to know that the six women accused by Fairfax of bewitching his daughters, and arraigned at York assizes, were duly acquitted of the crime. Of this prosecution, says Sir Walter Scott: 'One of the most remarkable was (prop pudor!) instigated by a gentleman, a scholar of classical taste, and a beautiful poet, being no other than Edward Fairfax of Fuyston, in Knaresborough Forest. He accused six of his neighbors of tormenting his children by fits of an extraordinary kind, by imps, and by appearing before the afflicted in their own shapes during the crisis of these operations.'

C. C. H.

The Family Life of Carlyle and Emerson.

In the now famous Carlyle-Emerson correspondence, nothing shows the inner depths of the two men more than the few references to the joys and sorrows peculiar to the domestic life. In the midst of the critical controversy which has followed the departure from earth of these two great men, perhaps it will be pleasant and profitable to look for a moment at this life, as it is revealed in these letters. When Emerson was on a visit to New York in 1840 he wrote to Carlyle:

'I left my wife and boy and girl—the softest, gracefulest little maiden alive, creeping like a turtle with head erect all about the house—well, at home, a week ago. The boy has two deep blue wells for eyes, into which I gladly peer when I am tired.'

This was the boy Waldo, who, when five months old, he wrote to Carlyle was a 'lovely wonder, that made the universe look friendlier to me,' and of whom Carlyle wrote pleasantly some months later, 'If the little boy be a well-behaved fellow, he shall ride on my back yet; if not, tell him I will have nothing to do with him, the riotous little imp that he is!' and on the 30th October, 1841, the son being that day five years old, the father remembered the fact in a letter to Carlyle and added: 'he is almost old enough to send you his love.' But on the 28th February, 1842, the tender paternal heart poured itself out in another strain,—the strain of a heart that has been pierced with a great sorrow; for his boy Waldo had been snatched out of his sight. He wrote:

'My dear friend, you should have had this letter and these messages by the last steamer; but when it sailed, my son, a perfect little boy of five years and three months, had ended his earthly life. You can never sympathize with me; you can never know how much of me such a young child can take away. A few weeks ago I accounted myself a very rich man, and now the poorest of all. What would it avail to tell you anecdotes of a sweet and wonderful boy, such as we solace and sadden ourselves with at home every morning and evening? From a perfect health and as happy a life and as happy influences as ever child enjoyed, he was hurried out of my arms in three short days by scarlatina. We have two babes yet—one girl of three years and one girl of three months and a week—but a promise like that boy's I shall never see. How often I have pleased myself that one day I should send to you this Morning Star of mine, and stay at home so gladly behind such a representative. I dare not fathom the Invisible and Untold to inquire what relations to my departed ones I yet sustain. Lidian, the poor Lidian, moans at home by day and by night. You too will grieve for us, afar. Tell Jane Carlyle our sorrowing story with much love, and with all good hope for her health and happiness.'

Is there a letter in all literature more imbued with the very deepest instincts of a pure domesticity? No wonder that such a soul could pour out a 'Threnody' as a memoriam. In due time Carlyle received the sad news, and in a letter dated March 28, the innermost depth of his best nature revealed itself in these words, than which he has written nothing more religious and tender:

'What can we say in these cases? There is nothing to be said—nothing but what the wild son of Ishmael and every thinking heart from of old have learned to say: God is great! He is terrible and stern; but we know also He is good. "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Your bright little boy, chief of your possessions here below, is rapt away from you; but of very truth *he* is with God, even as we that yet live are,—and surely in the way that was *best* for him, and for you, and for all of us.—Poor Lidian Emerson, poor Mother! To her I have no word. Such poignant unspeakable grief, I believe, visits no creature as that of a mother bereft of her child. The poor sparrow in the bush affects one with pity, mourning for its young; how much more the human soul of one's friend. I cannot bid her be of comfort; for there is as yet no comfort. May good Influences watch over her, bring her some assuagement. As

the Hebrew David said, "We shall go to him, he will not return to us." [Then, near the close of the letter, he said:] 'Adieu, my good, kind friend, ever dear to me, dearer now in sorrow. My Wife, when she hears of your affliction, will send a true thought over to you also. The poor Lidian!—Farewell, and better days to us.'

A few days before this touching letter reached Emerson his hungry soul had again turned to his bosom-friend in these particularly human words:

'I wrote you a letter from my brother's office in New York nearly a month ago to tell you how hardly it had fared with me at home,—that the eye of my home was plucked out when that little, innocent boy departed in his beauty and perfection from my sight. Well, I have come back hither to my work and my play; but he comes not back, and I must simply suffer it. Doubtless the day will come which will resolve this, as everything gets resolved, into light, but not yet.'

As one reads Carlyle's letter to the one person of all others who seems to have been able to draw out the most sustained flights of his soul-friendship, Margaret Fuller's fine tribute to the boy Waldo, as found in a letter which she wrote to Emerson on his death, comes up before the mind. Perhaps it will be pleasant to re-read it in this connection. She wrote:

'I am deeply sad at the loss of little Waldo, from whom I hoped more than from almost any living being. I cannot yet reconcile myself to the thought that the sun shines upon the grave of the beautiful blue-eyed boy, and I shall see him no more. Five years he was an angel to us, and I know not that any person was ever more the theme of thought to me. As I walk the streets they swarm with apparently worthless lives; and the question will rise, Why he, why just he, who "bore within himself the golden future," must be torn away. His father will meet him again; but to me he seems lost, and yet that is weakness. I must meet that which he represented, since I so truly loved it. He was the only child I ever saw that I sometimes wished I could have called mine. I loved him more than any child I ever knew, as he was of nature more fair and noble. You would be surprised to know how dear he was to my imagination. I saw him but little and it was well; for it is unwise to bind the heart where there is no claim. But it's all gone, and is another of the lessons brought by each year that we are to expect suggestions only, and not fulfillments, from each form of beauty, and to regard them merely as Angels of the Beauty.'

We know that in the dark hours immediately following his loss, Emerson wrote the first part of his 'Threnody,' as far as the line, 'Born for the future, to the future lost,' while the remainder of the poem was not written until two years later. This 'Threnody' is the literary monument of the boy Waldo; but as long as the human heart beats in a sympathetic communion with the Emersons, the Carlyles and Margaret Fuller, the five-year-old boy, the son of Emerson, will be held in loving remembrance. He stirred the deepest fountains of the human heart both by his living and by his dying. Years and years after, when this dark event had begun to 'resolve itself into light,' Emerson still showed his large domestic nature when he wrote to Carlyle, in 1859:

'You hug yourself on missing the illusion of children, and must be pitied as having one glittering toy the less. I am a victim all my days to certain graces of form and behavior and can never come into equilibrium. Now I am fooled by my own young people and grow old contented. The heedless children suddenly take the keenest hold on life, and foolish papas cling to the world on their account as never on their own. Out of sympathy we make *believe* to value the prizes of their ambition and hope. My two girls, pupils once or now of Agassiz, are good, healthy, apprehensive, decided young people who love life. My boy divides his time between Cicero and cricket—knows his boat, the birds and Walter Scott, verse and prose, through and through—and will go to college next year. Sam Ward and I tickled each other the other day, in looking over a

very good company of young people, by finding in the newcomers a marked improvement on their parents. There, I flatter myself, I see some emerging of our people from the prison of their politics.'

Does not the wise Emerson thus link himself to the great true fatherhood, the world over? The filial feelings of these two men are seen in some letters which passed between them on the death of Carlyle's mother. Emerson then said in a letter, dated March 11, 1854:

'The best son is not enough a son. My mother died in my house in November, who had lived with me all my life and kept her heart and mind clear until the end. It is very necessary that we should have mothers—we that read and write—to keep us from becoming paper. I had found that age did not make that she should die without causing me pain. In my journeying lately, when I think of home, the heart is taken out.' [Nearly a month later Carlyle wrote to Emerson:] 'I have had sad things to do and see since I wrote to you; the loss of my dear and good old Mother, which could not be spared me forever, has come more like a kind of total bankruptcy upon me than might have been expected considering her age and mine. Oh, those last two days, that last Christmas Sunday! She was a true, pious, brave and noble Mother to me; and it is now all over; and the Past has all become pale and sad and sacred;—and the all-devouring potency of Death, what we call Death, has never looked so strange, cruel and unspeakable to me. Nay not *cruel* altogether, let me say: huge, profound, unspeakable, that is the word.—You too have lost your good old Mother, who stayed with you like mine, clear to the last. Alas, alas, it is the oldest Law of Nature; and it comes on every one of us with a strange originality, as if it had never happened before. Forward, however; and no more lamenting; no more than can be helped.'

That Carlyle could reach this height of heart-life and feel its experiences is a tribute to his manhood which should not be overlooked in criticising him. We should treasure the delicate violet all the more when we find it on the rugged mountain-top.

ELIZABETH PORTER GOULD.

Literature

"Underground Russia."*

THIS curious and daring book, written by a prominent member of the Russian terrorist party, is an attempt to render to the civilized world a truthful account of the rise, progress, activity and aims of the 'Russian Revolution,' as the radical movement is termed by its supporters. In the preface by P. Lavroff, the socialist-philosopher, writer and editor of the *Vpered (Onward)*, we are told that 'Stepniak' was 'one of the principal founders of the Russian Revolutionary press,'—that he has been 'for many years present in the ranks,' and has taken a direct part in the various phases through which the Russian revolutionary movement has passed. In the introduction by the author we are informed that, in Europe, the party called by the name of nihilist, was not that thus called in Russia, but another, completely different. 'Genuine nihilism,' says 'Stepniak,' 'was a philosophical and literary movement, which flourished in the first decade after the Emancipation of the Serfs, that is to say, between 1860 and 1870.' It was 'a struggle for the emancipation of intelligence from every kind of dependence, and it advanced side by side with that for the emancipation of the laboring classes from serfdom.' From this 'purely intellectual movement' (which at first sight appears only a victory of modern materialism over Byzantine superstition, atheism over the Greek Church, with logical sequences in secular matters) to the terrorism which asserted itself in the czaricide of

March 13th, 1881, is seemingly a long space in the history of the revolutionary development. 'Stepniak' traces the growth of the one into the other in a few pages which are among the most valuable of the book.

Nihilism gave freedom to women and planted the germ of socialism in the breast of the young generation of Russians, which germ was fostered and developed by the spectacle of the Paris Commune of 1871. Thus arose the Russian revolutionary socialist of 1872-'74. 'Here then,' says 'Stepniak,' 'are the two types that represent the Russian intellectual movement: the first that of the decade, 1860-70; the second that from 1871 onward.' Russian socialism came to the front as a belligerent with the Paris Commune, but it had been growing up for many years, fostered by the works of Western socialist writers, even in the days of Nicholas I. The condition of the peasants under Alexander I., after the farce of the Emancipation, was perhaps as effective a circumstance as could be found to rouse the generous indignation of Young Russia and concentrate its socialistic tendencies in an embodied protest against autocratic tyranny. 'According to 'Stepniak,' nihilism was an individual movement, lying parallel with and strongly influencing the Russian revolutionary movement, which also gathered strength from the 'International' of Western Europe, the writings of Bakounine and Lavroff, the university centres of Switzerland which became centres of Russian propagandism, and, lastly, from the short-sighted policy of the Emperor himself, who, when he ordered all Russians to leave Zurich (1873), brought back to his own empire a multitude of active propagandists, including a large number of women-students who owed their intellectual freedom to nihilism.

This was the period of the 'Internationalist' propaganda in Russia, which lasted in various forms until the trials of the agitators in 1877 and 1878, but culminated as early as 1875, when it began to merge itself in the idea of terrorism. Blood was now to be shed—at first chiefly that of the government spies. The sanguinary policy had already been resolved upon, but what gave the first strong impetus to the movement was the shooting of General Trepoff by Vera Zassulitch. Five months after the acquittal of Zassulitch, General Mesentzeff, the head of the police, was killed by the terrorists, who thereby challenged the autocracy to a war of life and death. We are assured by the author that terrorism will last until the Emperor and his government shall make the concessions demanded. These concessions, as set forth in the document addressed to Alexander III. after the death of his father by the executive committee of the terrorists, which is reproduced at the end of the book, appear sufficiently moderate to American eyes. Under the title of 'Revolutionary Profiles' we have a succession of sketches of the heroes and heroines of the terrorist or propagandist factions—nearly all personal acquaintances of the writer—of a deeply interesting character. Stories of miraculous escapes, of perilous journeys through Russia, of concealments of an ingenious character, give the work a peculiar fascination, even for readers who care nothing for Russian politics. The author insists that what he has written will not be of the slightest use to the Russian police; but there are passages so graphic and vivid and so full of detail that they appear expressly constructed to give those functionaries a clew to certain matters. No pretension is made to revealing secret history. There is no clap-trap or sensationalism about the book. It is simple, straightforward and vigorous, and adheres closely to the purpose announced in the preface.

* *Underground Russia. Revolutionary Profiles and Sketches from Life.* By Stepniak. Translated from the Italian. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The End of the Civil War.*

GENERAL HUMPHREYS'S volume is the twelfth of the series of Campaigns of the Civil War, and quite worthily concludes it. Nor is it light, nor unmeaning praise to say this of it; for these volumes have been written by men thoroughly familiar with the events they undertook to relate, and who for the most part have treated their subjects with ability and candor. In the multitude of books that have gone before, and the still greater multitude that is yet to come, for the next hundred years, upon the military history of the Civil War, these twelve volumes are sure to be held as of the highest authority. Besides this estimate, moreover, of their historical value, they have a personal interest which must soon disappear from the histories to be hereafter written. The memory of many of those who won fame in the great conflict is already becoming dim; before many years shall have passed away, grandchildren and remoter relatives, who cherish the traditions of heroism in some one to whom they claim kinship, will find only in these volumes, perhaps, the precious evidence.

Of none of the series is this more true than of General Humphreys's volume (1). It has for this reason a peculiar value now for all the survivors of the Army of the Potomac in its final campaigns. In its minute and careful detail of military movements the men who bore a conspicuous part in them seem never to be lost sight of; and if greater credit is in some cases given than has hitherto been awarded, and, in other cases, does not appear where hitherto it has been most conspicuous, there is nevertheless an evident care to present without bias either one way or the other, the facts on which the conclusions rest. The author has plainly spared no pains to make the most thorough researches among the archives of both sides, and has not been willing to trust to his own knowledge of men and events for which his position gave him so rare an opportunity. Such a volume may, of course, provoke controversies among military men; and were it likely to be read very widely among those who want the patience to follow purely military narrative, it might, possibly, arouse some resentment that its praises are not always loudest for the most popular heroes. But we should counsel nobody to be in haste to enter the field against General Humphreys without a very careful consideration of the quality of his weapons.

The volume of Captain Phisterer is, as its title describes it, merely a Statistical Record (2). Assuming its correctness, of which there should be no doubt, it is invaluable for reference.

"King Capital."†

'KING CAPITAL' is a novel dealing with the much-vexed question between capitalist and laborer. It is admirably written, both as a story and as a plea: original, interesting, and richly humorous in its treatment of the *nouveaux-riches*; calm, practical and impartial in its statements and its suggestions for better things. The author has a healthy contempt for all monopolists, believing that while success in making money hints at a 'long head' entitled to respect as one form of genius, too frequently the 'long head,' as well as the money, has been stolen; sometimes by actual theft of patents or drawings, sometimes by 'adaptations' of ideas, possibly of mere hints, from one too poor to make practical his knowledge and his inspirations. Yet the author

does not write wildly in the interests of the workman: he is no advocate of trades-unions or of strikes; no believer in the doctrine that property is robbery; no inciter to communism. The picture of the unjust *nouveaux-riche* in his palace in Park Square has not been drawn with greater fidelity than that other picture of the tinkers' camp, where there was certainly no property, nothing but lives and goods in common; but where there was such degradation that the author's most ardent supporter of the rights of the poor-man exclaimed on seeing this: 'Not that! not that! The conventional and the unjust is better than that!' Mr. Sime, in short, believes in the divine 'middle course': far from considering property a curse, he would have every man struggle to possess it; he would merely see that in all cases it belonged to the man who had earned it. He would have the laborer paid, not only regular wages, but a share in the profits; the profits being got by the work of all, let them be divided by the consent of all: a system known as 'productive co-operation' but rechristened by Mr. Sime as 'industrial justice,' by which all skilled workmen become profitably interested in their own employment. This system of profits according to labor, far from impoverishing the capitalist, would undoubtedly increase the fund to be divided, and would secure immunity from strikes; while the author believes that any rich man with a desire to do good would do more by establishing such business relations with his 'hands' than by founding a hospital, a library, or an asylum. That the author is not unpractical in assuming such a course to be profitable for the capitalist as well as the laborer is proved by the immense fortunes amassed in whaling, where a share of the profits was almost the only recompense of the men.

The Discovery of America.*

THE first edition of this little book was published in 1874. The second we have not seen; but the third differs from the first only in the addition of a long preface, and of the bibliography by Mr. Watson, which is a catalogue of everything that has been written upon the subject. That a third edition should have been called for shows much popular interest in the story of the visit of the Northmen to the American coast.

Professor Anderson, of the University of Wisconsin, is himself a Scandinavian, and it is natural that he should be an enthusiast upon this subject. His first modest little volume, however, though excellent and timely, contained nothing new; nor has he brought any fresh light to bear in this third edition. All that we know, or are ever likely to know, about the Northmen's voyages to America is found in the volume entitled '*Antiquitates Americane*,' published by the Royal Antiquarian Society of Copenhagen, in 1837. That contains the ancient Sagas, found, not long before, in an old monastery in Iceland, and translated into Latin for the benefit of modern readers. To these relations nothing has since been added, while they have gradually come to be accepted as veritable history. But it is quite possible for zeal to outrun discretion, and to discredit sound evidence by credulous additions. If the hieroglyphics on the famous 'Dighton Rock' are to be accepted as a proof of the visit of the Northmen to Massachusetts, then testimony quite as good bears witness to their presence beyond the Alleghanies, and as far west as the Sierra Nevada Mountains, where similar inscriptions upon rocks have been found.

* (1) The Virginia Campaigns of '64 and '65. By Gen. Andrew A. Humphreys.
(2) Statistical Record of the Armies of the United States. By Capt. Frederick Phisterer. Charles Scribner's Sons.

† King Capital. By William Sime. Putnam's Transatlantic Series.

* America not Discovered by Columbus. By Rasmus B. Anderson. Also a Bibliography of the pre-Columbian Discoveries of America. By Paul Barron Watson. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Co.

There is at Newport a ruin, mentioned in his will by an early Governor of Rhode Island—Arnold—as ‘my stone-built wind-mill,’ which is an exact reproduction of one with which Arnold was familiar in his early home in England. To insist, in spite of these facts, that this is the ruin of a Norse tower, built eight hundred years ago, is to give an aspect of absurdity to the story of the Northmen. The building manifestly was not a tower meant for defence; so substantial a mill could not have been built by a people who had nothing whatever to grind, even if they knew what grinding in a wind-mill was; nor is it possible that so imposing a building should have been passed unnoticed (if it had an existence then) in the wilderness by early voyagers who visited that region, or by those who first made that particular spot their future home. Not less weak is the argument on which Professor Anderson lays a good deal of stress, that Columbus got his knowledge of America from stories picked up in Iceland. For Columbus, when he visited Iceland, was too young to heed, even if he heard, the story of the Northmen’s voyages westward; nor is it at all likely that there was even any tradition in Iceland of voyages made, not from Iceland, but from Greenland, some centuries before, the records of which were hid away and forgotten in the dusty archives of a monastery, where they were to lie hidden and forgotten for four centuries longer. It is because the simple narratives of these recovered Sagas have been overweighted by such attempts to prove too much that there has been difficulty in accepting them as veritable history.

“Successful Men of To-Day.”*

THIS is an excellent book of the kind. Its statistics, gathered from replies to questions addressed to prominent men all over the country, are foolish; for besides the uselessness of such glittering generalities as the importance of energy, industry, punctuality, etc., a mere compilation of facts as to the birthplace, social standing, religious principles and habits of any number of great men would never prove that such and such conditions are essential to greatness. This the author acknowledges in an anecdote of a visitor to Patrick Henry’s birthplace, to whose remark that it was no wonder such scenery had produced a Patrick Henry, a bystander replied that the mountains had always been there, but they had never had but one Patrick Henry. Apart from these statistics, however, the book contains much that is valuable. It is very pleasant reading, for it abounds in good anecdotes, and it contains many hints both original and practical. In the first place, it gives an excellent definition of success: it is doing, not *the* best, but *your* best. Christ beautifully defined it in commending Mary of Bethany: ‘She hath done what she could.’ Nor is it to be forgotten that apparent failure is sometimes an element of success. As Judge Turgée has expressed it: ‘My failure to do what I had set out to do led to my success in what I never had aspired to.’ Nor is it ever to be counted as success if one has won great things at the expense of greater. The author mentions as desirable elements of success, a good birthplace and an excellent grandmother: a suggestion more practical than at first appears; for every young man, though powerless to determine his own birthplace and grandmother, may choose the birthplace of his children, and the woman who is to be the grandmother of his grandchildren—a factor

of marriage too often overlooked in a young man’s eagerness to marry the prettiest girl of his acquaintance. The book gives prominence not only to such valuable maxims as the Wadsworth mottoes and ‘Spend less than you earn,’ but to new ones such as ‘If hard up for money, let your wife know it;’ a surer way to prevent wifely extravagance than is generally known. It may be added that the book is written from what would be called the religious standpoint, but it is free from cant.

Prof. Swinton’s “Readers.”*

FIVE of Prof. Swinton’s Readers, constituting a series, lie on our table, and are quite worthy to lie on every teacher’s table, both for their prettiness and usefulness in the class-room. We believe no one has ever counted the volumes written by this most prolific author, or estimated the hold he has on the young people of the country. He has certainly reduced the method of making school-books to an art, and a fine art it is, too. He has gauged the needs of the school-room, and seldom strikes too high or too low to reach the class of girls and boys he means to hit. These five books take the range of all children from the youngest to the oldest—from six to sixteen—covering a wide variety of boy with a wide variety of matter. One is struck with the simplicity and pureness of it all. There is nothing unclean or loosely selected—nothing that is not worthy to stay with any child. The selections of verse are sweet, natural, easy productions that appeal to the sympathies and not to the passions. They almost commit themselves to memory, they are so correct in form and spicy in matter. Those in prose are representative of the time,—a time when people thirst for information in the line of the sciences, travel, and biography. The development of the powers of the child is kept in view,—not only the development of facility in reading, but that of facility in thinking and arranging thought. Like most writers of school-readers nowadays, Prof. Swinton feels the necessity of carrying spelling, punctuation and composition along with inflection, pronunciation, and word-analysis, and makes all these branches of word-study a part of his course. We commend the series of Readers to all wide-awake and to all sleepy teachers.

Minor Notices.

IT is a little hard to decide whether Mrs. Laura C. Holloway knows her Mrs. Gaskell not wisely but too well, or whether she has never heard of Mrs. Gaskell. In the book before us (‘Charlotte Brontë:’ Funk & Wagnalls’ Standard Library) she makes no allusion to the earlier biographer, and seems to be laboring under the delusion that she herself is enlightening for the first time a curious and interested public in the facts of Charlotte Brontë’s life. The facts, however, bear a striking likeness to those already known, though the style is very different from Mrs. Gaskell’s; as may be judged from the sub-title, ‘Flowers from a Yorkshire Moor,’ and from the author’s allusion to Miss Brontë as one ‘whose name had reached even the camp-fires on our western wilds, and been echoed over the snow-clad mountain peaks of the distant Ural chain,’—with an exclamation point. A few ‘selections’ are modestly published at the back of the book, ‘to enable those who have not read the novels of Charlotte Brontë to get a correct idea of her literary style and method of composition;’ but we should as soon think of trying to ‘get’ a correct idea of Shakspeare from a few pleasing extracts as to hope for a just impression of ‘Jane Eyre,’ ‘Shirley’ or ‘Villette’ from a few paragraphs on the ‘Duty of Fathers to Daughters,’ ‘British Tradesmen,’ or ‘Rochester’s Analysis of Jane Eyre’s Character.’

* Successful Men of To-day. By Wilbur F. Crafts. Funk & Wagnalls’ Standard Library.

* Swinton’s Readers. New York and Chicago: Ivison, Blakeman, Taylor & Co.

AN old book by Dr. Holmes is so much better than a new book by almost any one else, that the reader feels no disappointment on finding the 'Pages from an Old Volume of Life' (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.) to be a compilation of essays which he has already read. That it is long only makes it better; and that it is familiar does not weaken its effect. It comprises essays published separately during the last twenty-five years, and treats a wide range of subjects, from the 'Hunt after the Captain,' to the 'Physiology of Walking,' and from the 'Mechanism in Thought and Morals' to 'Jonathan Edwards.' Those written during the War make the blood tingle with the healthful thrill of recollection; and whatever the topic, the author is always and everywhere Dr. Holmes: with the heart to notice, though bound on a sorrowful errand, the little Ethiop whose face was like 'a huckleberry with features,' the canal boats, 'feeling their way like blind men led by dogs,' the clerk of the 'inverted Inferno' which constitutes a New York hotel; and the elevator like 'a giant corkscrew forever pulling a mammoth cork.' It has been said that the power of a man is shown, not by the blow he can deal, but by the ease with which he deals it; and Dr. Holmes's powers of logic and analysis are not to be held lightly because his most formidable weapon is such as is to be found in the argument against the theology of Jonathan Edwards: that if Edwards is right, the original text must have read, 'Suffer little vipers to come unto me.'

THE distressed searcher for new rhymes will find some in the 'Australian Lyrics' of Douglas B. W. Sladen, B.A. (Melbourne: George Robertson.) He will find, for instance, that by a judicious management of accents—such as that illustrated also by the author of the famous 'passenjare'—it is possible to make 'dressmaker' rhyme with 'there,' 'elegance' with 'dance,' 'Scotland' with 'hand,' etc. There are a few good things in the book, such as a description of the dainty little lady who looked as if she had 'never crossed the street without a Raleigh's cloak,' and of 'Isabella Victrix' in the hammock:

'Isabella, Isabella, as she slept, Isabella,
I stole on tip of toe to make her ignorance my bliss;
But she started up and fled, as if a cobra-di-capella
Had glided from the wall, and not a lover for a kiss.'

But as a rule the book betrays the usual tendency in immature or amateur poets to publish verses 'To my Brother,' or 'My Sister on her Birthday,' with the colonial slang which sees no impropriety, in the midst of a solemn poem on Queen Victoria, in alluding to an assassin's attempt to 'pick her off.'

'A BREEZE FROM THE WOODS,' by W. C. Bartlett (San Francisco: California Pub. Co.), is a second edition of a pleasant little book about camping-out on the Pacific coast. It is practical without being tedious, and suggestive without being too profound; one of those summer books, in short, intended, not for the camper-out whose own experiences need no help from literature, but for the forlorn stayers-at-home who must take their breath from the woods at second-hand, and are grateful, in the shade of their darkened drawing-rooms, for a little literary freshness.

DR. FLINT, SR., in a series of articles originally published in *The New York Medical Journal*, discusses in a paternal way the ancient and goody-goody laws that are supposed to govern medical men in their relations with each other, defending the old code. The little book ('Medical Ethics and Etiquette': Appleton) comes to us without a blue cover, and its criticisms are amiable and temperate; but Dr. Flint's arguments are like those of a large number of honest-minded people who, not so many years ago, protested against the telegraph and the railways.

Recent Fiction.

MRS. SCHAYER'S work is so fine that it is a pity we do not have more of it; though quite possibly it is so fine precisely because the material is not stretched. Each of the five short stories in the present collection is original in subject and unique in treatment, and the story of 'Tiger-Lily' (Scribner) is, in its way, short as it is, a master-piece. There are few traits of character, or circumstances of life, which do not seem to be touched upon, with a skill as true as it is rapid and light. The country school, the poor mulatto girl with the instincts and tastes of her white blood and the misery of her black; the provincial village,

with its 'brick block' and its 'improvements'; the society girl; the managing mamma with that expressive, 'You could spend your winters in Boston, you know'; the singing cobbler; the little milliner and dressmaker, the Sairy Gamp of the town, and the gossip of the little village; the old doctor and the young one; a little conventional correspondence; the great levelling of a common misfortune; the fickleness of one and the faithfulness of another; with the double tragedy of physical and moral death,—all this is much to be treated in eighty small pages with truth to nature and to art.

CHRISTINE FABER has certainly exerted herself to make her 'Ugly Heroine' (Lippincott) inconceivably ugly; not, however, in the spirit with which Charlotte Brontë determined to interest her readers in a woman poor, homely and forlorn; but with an apparent satisfaction in the delineation of moral ugliness. The book is an intolerable conglomeration of deceit, lying, fraud, murder, apoplexy, madness, cruelty, and horrible marriages, the conversation being of a sort that we have never heard in any 'social circles' except such as we have visited for charitable purposes. A summary of the style is given in an ejaculation of one of the characters: 'Moses and Joshua! What a heap of strange things come together sometimes!'

'NAN,' by Lucy C. Lillie (Harper's Franklin Square Library) is the simple but pleasing story of a little girl with two sets of relations, one rich and one poor. It is not merry, nor is it strikingly original; but it is to be commended for again enforcing the lesson of 'Mildred's Bargain,' as to the countless miseries which result from the habit of buying things 'to be charged.'

THERE are certainly enough adventures and catastrophes in Mr. W. L. Alden's 'Cruise of the Canoe Club' (Harper) to interest nautical boys and to tempt them on a summer cruise of their own. We suggest, however, that the parents read the book also, before equipping their sons for hairbreadth escapes.

The Lounger

BECAUSE *The Nation* failed to see, until some months after its publication, that Mr. John Bach McMaster's 'History of the People of the United States' was written very much in the style of Macaulay's History of England, it would have the world believe that most, if not all of the reviewers, were as slow to make the discovery. On June 21, having just awaked to this similarity, *The Nation* said:

'It might be supposed that a resemblance so striking would have been generally pointed out at once in every public print. It was not so. The new "History of the United States" was immediately noticed by all the daily papers and all the weekly and monthly magazines; it was received with a unanimous chorus of praise. The style, in particular, received especial attention; but no one thought of the forgotten writer of forty years ago: all looked at once to an English historian of our own day. Every one said that Mr. McMaster had imitated Mr. Green (though the English history did not appear till the American was half written), and no one perceived that he resembled Macaulay.'

It was *The Nation* itself that harped upon the resemblance to Green. THE CRITIC of April 21, reviewing McMaster and Doyle in the same article, said:

'The American writer will inevitably bring to mind, even to the most careless reader [I ask *The Nation's* pardon], the brilliancy, the vivacity, and the manner of the English historian, Macaulay. If one [Doyle], like Hildreth, loves to stir the dust of venerable and musty archives, and verify each historical event by the special contemporary record, the other [McMaster], like Macaulay, has quite as much respect, if not more, for the contemporary newspaper,' etc.

The Herald, having interviewed the Pope, King Humbert, the Marquis Tseng and Li Hung Chang, is looking about for more kings and king-makers to talk with. In the mean time it publishes the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher's views of life in general, and of the Presidential outlook in particular. This, however, is not so great a journalistic feat: of kings and popes we see very little, but Beecher we have always with us.

The death of Charles Backus means probably the breaking-up of the old negro-minstrel entertainment. The accession of the genuine colored man to the minstrel stage would have driven out

the 'burnt-cork artists' sooner or later, but the death of Backus has hastened the end. I confess that to me all that was best in negro-minstrelsy passed away when Dan Bryant died, and the little 'opera house' in Twenty-third Street was closed.

The Astor Library is nothing if not conservative. When the Directors are urged to open its treasures to the public in the evening, they reply that no library of reference in the world is open after candle-light, and of course they could not furnish the one exception to the rule. Now it is known that the Bodleian, at Oxford, is open in part during the evening, and the great Brussels Library; and the Bibliothèque Nationale at Paris is contemplating a similar step. So there is nothing for the Astor but to open at least a reading-room unless it wants to make itself singular by refusing.

Mme. Modjeska has not forgotten Poland. Even in Colorado her heart turns fondly to her native land. I find the following lines over her signature in the *Denver Tribune*, where they are headed, 'The Wanderer':

Upon a mountain's height, far from the sea,
I found a shell,
And to my curious ear this lonely thing
Ever a song of ocean seemed to sing—
Ever a tale of ocean seemed to tell.
How came this shell upon the mountain height?
Ah, who can say
Whether there dropped by some too careless hand—
Whether there cast when oceans swept the land
Ere the Eternal had ordained the Day?
Strange, was it not: far from its native sea,
One song it sang—
Sang of the mighty mysteries of the tide—
Sang of the awful, vast, profound, and wide—
Softly with echoes of the ocean rang.
And, as the shell upon the mountain's height
Sings of the sea,
So do I ever, leagues and leagues away—
So do I ever, wandering where I may,
Sing, O my home—sing, O my home, of thee.

We are to have another free library, and as it is the gift of a foreigner and a journalist it will probably not suffer from such restrictions as the Astor. Mr. Oswald Ottendoerf has given a site, and is about to erect a library and dispensary in Second Avenue at Eighth Street. The library building will be plain and substantial, and will contain books in French, German and English, in all branches of literature. I should like to see a combination among our wealthy citizens for the establishment of one perfect library,—to be built, say, where the Madison Square Garden now stands.

A friend in London writes: 'Patti hasn't yet appeared at Covent Garden because she won't sing for \$1000 a night since the offer of \$5000 in America. She wants \$2000 in London, but they have compromised by agreeing to give her \$10,000 for five nights and one concert at Floral Hall, so she will only make six appearances.' Why, I should like to know, should Patti ask \$3000 more to sing in New York than in London? Are we two-and-a-half times as hard to sing to?

The Athenaeum announces a new daily paper to be published in Paris for Englishmen and Americans, and to be called *The Paris Dispatch*. I suppose this is the journalistic enterprise in which Mr. S. S. Chamberlain, late Private Secretary of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, is engaged. Mr. Chamberlain—who is a son of the late Ivory Chamberlain, for some years the leading editorial writer of the *Herald*—began his journalistic career under the valuable tuition of Dr. Sanford B. Hunt, of the *Newark Daily Advertiser*. He knows the newspaper business as thoroughly as he knows Paris.

The Exploration of Assos.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

DIGGING has stopped at Assos, owing to the expiration of the firman held by the American Institute of Archaeology. The time has come out very well, as all neces-

sary work had been done several days before it ended, and during these days the workmen were kept digging, as the directors of the Expedition report, 'on luck,' with fair success in finding small objects of various kinds. Messrs. Clarke and Bacon were, at last accounts, awaiting the arrival of the Turkish Commissioner, under whose direction the spoils are to be divided, and expected to remain at Assos until July to finish their drawings and measurements. Mr. Sterrett, of the School at Athens, is with them, studying the inscriptions.

The last regular work of exploration done by the Expedition was chiefly upon the Street of Tombs, of the principal part of which the entire plan has been recovered. Its arrangement is picturesque and beautiful, and seems to warrant the opinion that it will prove to be the most interesting ancient cemetery yet discovered. An entire restoration can be made of three large monumental tombs or sepulchral chambers, each of entirely distinct design, besides many smaller tombs and family enclosures. In many sarcophagi found unopened and sealed, there was evidence of previous openings. Some of them contained three or four layers of debris, showing that they had been opened periodically in later ages, and other bodies put in above those first enclosed. Some of the most interesting terra-cottas were found in rifled sarcophagi, without lids, thrown aside in one corner by the plunderers as valueless.

The chief result of the Expedition, as was anticipated, is architectural. Many objects for museum shelves, especially small relics of private life, have, however, been unearthened. The publication of the thorough study made of the Assian monuments will be an important contribution to our knowledge of almost all branches of Greek architecture—religious, civil, and military. In spite of the late date of a great part of the Assian work, almost none is Roman in spirit. The architects and stone-masons were Greeks, and held to the traditional methods of their ancestors. The mouldings, ornaments, and small characteristic details are all truly Greek in design. This is interesting testimony to the quietness and provincialism of old Assian life, which shunned innovation; while more busy centres, as Pergamon and Antioch, adopted in architecture, as in other things, the Roman modifications of the day.

THOMAS W. LUDLOW.

'COTTAGE LAWN,' YONKERS, N. Y., June 22, 1883.

Pendant to "Art For Art's Sake."

SHADE of Plato! still they wage it!
What is Beauty, whence her race?
Where are symbols fit to gauge it,
Hidden spirit—outward grace?

Fair her eyes, but that's no reason
We should wear her in our hearts;
Fair the eyes and speech of Treason,
Deft disguise of deadly arts.

Shade of Plato! help decide us—
What is Beauty, whence her race?
Sphery presence, here beside us,
Shall we give her dwelling-place?

Build a roof of fair expansion,
Call to deck it gnome and elf;
Yet, should we provide no mansion,
She would build unto herself.

BOSTON, June 6, 1883.

W. H. T.

The Critic

NEW YORK, JUNE 30, 1883.

HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & Co. have made arrangements with Bickers & Son, of London, to take 250 copies of their *édition-de-luxe* of the Works of Jonathan Swift. The entire edition is limited to 700 copies in sets of nineteen volumes. The edition for this country will bear the imprint of Houghton, Mifflin & Co. The letter-press will be printed from a new font of type, and the type will be distributed as soon as the books are printed. The size of these volumes will be convenient for reading. The old-fashioned unwieldy *éditions-de-luxe* have lost their popularity. A set of the Smith, Elder & Co. Dickens—now so scarce—was recently split up into smaller volumes (each of the original volumes making five of the new) and sold for \$800.

We hear that Mr. John Morley is tired of editing the English Men-of-Letters Series, and that it will stop after Mrs. Oliphant's 'Sheridan,' Prof. Colvin's 'Keats,' and Mr. H. D. Traill's 'Coleridge,'—leaving untouched Shakspeare, Ben Jonson, Steele, Congreve, Smollett, Carlyle, Bulwer-Lytton, etc.

Berthold Auerbach's last novel, 'Master Bieland and his Workmen,' will be published by Henry Holt & Co. next week.

Ex-Mayor Grace has written an article on 'Municipal Government in the State of New York' for the September *Harper's*. The leading article in the August number of the magazine will be 'The Heart of the Alleghenies,' illustrated by Harry Fenn.

Max Müller's 'India: What Can It Teach Us?' has just been issued in Funk & Wagnalls' Standard Library.

The new volumes of the Franklin Square Library are 'Frederick II., and Maria Theresa,' by the Duc de Broglie, and 'The Brooklyn Bridge,' reprinted from *Harper's Magazine* and *Harper's Weekly*, and fully illustrated.

Mr. Charles Barnard has written a story called 'A Dead Town,' a romance of the oil regions, for Ward, Lock & Co.'s Christmas Annual.

The July issue of *The Overland Monthly* is to be a summer-vacation number. It will contain no solid articles except an important paper on the wheat industry and a briefer one on the history of short-hand, by F. A. Tremper, stenographer of the Pacific Mail Steamship Co. More than the usual allowance of stories is promised. There will be a number of Pacific Coast out-door and vacation sketches.

Mr. Matthew Arnold will arrive in New York in October.

'The Great and The Good' is the title of a new series to be published by Cupples, Upham & Co. The initial volume will be 'The Story of Theodore Parker,' by Mrs. Grace A. Oliver.

A revised and popular edition is to be published by Mr. T. Whittaker, early in the fall, of 'Salad for the Solitary and the Social,' with over fifty engravings, and at half the price of the previous editions. It is to be reduced in size, but will be handsomely printed and bound.

Mr. Edward Dowden, whose 'Shakspeare' has been so highly and so justly praised, is preparing a comprehensive study of Goethe.

Mr. Austin Dobson is engaged in editing 'The Vicar of Wakefield' for the Parchment Series.

The third and last volume of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s handsome subscription edition of Longfellow's works will soon be ready. It will include all his prose writings and twenty-nine sonnets and lyrics never before included in any edition of his works. To make this edition complete, it will be supplemented with a biographical sketch of the poet by Mr. O. B. Frothingham, and adorned with a portrait by his son, Ernest W. Longfellow, engraved by Closson.

Two new volumes of Rolfe's edition of Shakspeare are published this week, the Sonnets in one, and 'Venus and Adonis,' 'The Rape of Lucrece,' 'A Lover's Complaint,' 'The Passionate Pilgrim,' and 'The Phoenix and the Turtle,' in the other. Mr. Rolfe breaks through the rule of most editors of Shakspeare's works in aiming to treat his poems with the same thoroughness as his plays. The text is given without expurgation, for 'of course,' the editor says, 'these poems will never be read in schools or Shakspeare clubs.' (*Harper's*.)

'Yolande' has already proved one of most successful of Mr. Black's novels.

Mr. Froude, it is said, has just written a magazine article on Martin Luther, and Dr. Peter Bayne is engaged on a life of the great reformer which will fill two large octavo volumes.

Mr. R. G. White's new edition of Shakspeare, for Houghton, Mifflin & Co., will be published in London by Sampson Low & Co.

An edition of Cowper's Letters, selected by the Rev. W. Benham for Macmillan & Co.'s Golden Treasury Series, being announced as on the press, Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench & Co. courteously decided not to issue the edition in course of preparation for the Parchment Library by Mr. Austin Dobson.

Mr. Joel Benton is to contribute an essay, entitled 'An Unwritten Chapter in the Life of Noah Webster: Love and the Spelling-Book,' to the July number of *The Magazine of American History*.

Prof. Augustus C. Merriam, of Columbia College, has written a monograph, which Harper & Bros. will publish, on 'The Greek and Latin Inscriptions on the Obelisk Crab in the Metropolitan Museum.'

The funeral services over the remains of Prof. Charles E. Anthon were read by Dr. Houghton at the Church of the Transfiguration on Tuesday last. Prof. Anthon died at Bremen, Germany, on the 7th inst.

The students of the College of St. Francis Xavier have issued the first number of a literary journal called *The Xavier*. The paper is well edited, and presents a handsome typographical appearance,—which we are bound to praise, as it is modelled on that of *THE CRITIC*.

Mr. W. D. Howells, Mr. Roswell Smith, Miss Emma Lazarus and Mr. Laurence Hutton were in London this month.

The French Academy has conferred upon Madame Bigot—formerly Miss Healy, a daughter of the portrait-painter, of Chicago, now of Paris—the honor of its second prize, for her story of 'Marca,' published lately in this country with the title of 'A Mere Caprice.' There were 150 competitors for the prize. Madame Bigot is the recipient of flattering letters of congratulation upon her success from Dumas, Cherbuliez, Jules Simon, and other distinguished members of the Academy.

Mr. George Ticknor Curtis's *Life of James Buchanan*, filled with new material, will be issued early in August by Harper & Bros., who also announce 'French and German Socialism in Modern Times,' by Richard T. Ely, of Johns Hopkins.

A new and very neatly printed weekly is *The Berkshire Gazette*, of which the second number will appear, at Pittsfield, Mass., to-day. A good part of its eight large pages will be devoted to the cultivation of the literary spirit among the Berkshire Hills, which, according to the late Dr. Holland, have given more to literature than any other country section in America.

Messrs. Blackwood intend publishing a large-paper edition of Stormouth's English Dictionary.

Mr. Edward Waln, whose memory goes back to 1815, denies the story which has long been credited in Philadelphia, that Tom Moore once lived in a certain house in Fairmount Park,—a 'little, low cottage, still standing on the west bank, close to the river road, and opposite to Peter's Island.' From long before 1815 up to the year 1830, the cottage was occupied by a negress, 'Old Cornelia,' who 'did the washing for the Belmont establishment.'

The second volume of the English translation of the famous Surgeon's Stories of Professor Topelius is in press, and will soon be published by Jansen, McClurg & Co. It is entitled 'Times of Battle and of Rest,' and it covers the period of Swedish history from the times succeeding the death of Gustaf Adolf to the reign of Charles XII., who forms the subject of the third volume.

Mr. A. C. Swinbune devotes nearly two pages in *The Athenaeum* of June 16 to a eulogy of Emily Brontë. He speaks particularly of her 'tenderness for the lower animals,' and is filled with admiration and surprise 'that the range of this charity was so vast' as to include even 'that lamentable and miserable catiff,' her own 'miserable brother.' Emily Brontë's work he describes as 'essentially and definitely a poem in the fullest and most positive sense of the term.'

A CORRESPONDENT writes to ask if Mr. J. Brander Matthews is the Dramatic Critic of THE CRITIC. The question has been asked before, and may as well be answered once for all. Mr. Matthews is, and has long been, a valued contributor to this paper, but is not, and has never been, its Dramatic Critic. That position has been held from the beginning by the gentleman who holds it now.

An opportunity is offered to purchase for the cabinet of the Numismatic and Archaeological Society, from the authorities of the British Museum, a complete set of fac-similes, numbering 1,584 pieces, representing 792 Greek and Roman coins from B. C. 700 to A. D. 1. The entire cost of securing this interesting and valuable collection, including transportation, mounting, printing a descriptive catalogue, etc., will not exceed \$1000, and already \$750 has been raised. Contributions may be sent to Algernon S. Sullivan, Drexel Building, 3 Broad St., Robert Hewitt, Jr., 35 Wall St., H. H. Gorringe, Mills Building, 15 Broad St., William Poillion, 61 Bethune St., or Richard Hoe Lawrence, 31 Broad St.

Irving and "Rip."

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

Is it not highly probable that Irving got his Rip Van Winkle from the legend of the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus? This legend crops up all through the Mohammedan world, with which Irving was particularly familiar, and takes romantic and beautiful form in the version of the Syrian Mar Jacob, in Gregory of Tours, in Alfric, in the '*Passiones Sanctorum*,' in William of Malmesbury, Ailred of Rievaulx, and the wonderful '*Legenda Aurea*;' and a fragment of it hangs to the pretty legend of Edward the Confessor. We have it in Syriac, Greek, Icelandic and other versions, and the 18th '*Sura*' of the Koran, which Irving knew so well, contains a germ from which an enormous legend-radiation went forth.

A lover of legends, like Irving, could not have failed to meet with it at every step, from the brink of our century (as worked up by Goethe, Rosegarten, Giesebrecht) in ascending scale up to the persecution of the Alexandrian Christians by Decius. There are many rich and lovely forms of the legend, for now the sleeper appears as a mighty kaiser slumbering under a rock until the time comes for him to redeem his people; now as a dreamy and adoring rabbi; now as Holger the Dane, with his armored companions in the dripping vault of Oeresund; now as the founder of the Schweizer Bund a-slumber in the hidden depths of the Vierwaldstätter See. Even the Chinese have their Rip-legend in the form of youths who go forth in quest of healing herbs, but who, entangled by enchanting women, do not return to their homes for a hundred years, when they find the pine-trees they had planted grown up into huge trees.

LEXINGTON, VA., June 27. JAMES A. HARRISON.

FRENCH NOTES.

THE '*History of the French Revolution*,' by Alfred Rambaud, just published in Paris, is pronounced by a French critic 'a simple and sincere recital, equitable toward all, exempt from passion, but constantly animated by the liberal spirit.'—François Lenormant, in his '*Voyages en Apulie et en Lucanie*,' just issued, deals with those countries as a historian and a savant, rather than as one interested in modern life. The book, for this reason, loses in vivacity as a volume of travels, but becomes a remarkable work from a retrospective and archaeological point of view.

'En 1848' is a selection of discourses by the celebrated Adolphe Crémieux, collected by a reverent hand. It contains numerous documents of great historical importance. The agitation which preceded the Revolution of February, especially, is described therein by an eye-witness, with details as curious as they are little known.—'L'Abbé Caristie,' a novel, by Saint Maxent (Dentu), has for its principal merits the simplicity of

the plot and the sincerity of the characters. One feels that the author is full of his subject, but shows self-restraint in his manner of dealing with the questions involved.

ITALIAN NOTES.

THE *Nuova Antologia* for June 1st contains a paper on Garibaldi as a general, by the Hon. A. Gandolfi; a historical article, 'Frederick II. and Maria Theresa,' by G. Boglietti; a continuation of 'The Polar Ices,' by A. Stoppani; the conclusion of the story, 'Returned to the World,' by Luisa Saredo; 'The Reform of the Communal and Provincial Law,' by C. Baer; besides musical, political, and literary reviews.—'The Life and Writings of Niccolò Machiavelli in Their Relation to Machiavellism,' a history and critical investigation, by Oreste Tommasini, has just been published in Turin. This is the work which took the prize offered by the Florentine government for the best work on Machiavelli upon the occasion of his 4th centenary. It was pronounced by the jury to be the fruit of thorough, long and varied study, and is now considered by the reviewers a work of great intrinsic value.

'The Times, Life and Writings of Carlo Gozzi,' by Giovanni Battista Magrini, is an interesting work just published in Benevento.—'Poesie Liriche, Edite ed Inedite, di Felice Romani,' just published in Turin, are the works of a poet, now dead, who unites, says a reviewer, 'the Pindaric manner with the tender Christian vein of the Romantic School.'—'The Military Life of Ugo Foscolo,' by G. Antonio Martinetti, is a collection of data which will offer valuable material to whomsoever shall write a complete biography of the poet.—'Philosophy in Female Institutes,' by Ernesta Napollon, an argument in favor of higher female education, has just been published in Naples.

GERMAN NOTES.

'THE ROMANTIC SCHOOL IN FRANCE,' by George Brandes (Leipzig: Veit), is an important work, which, however, is less a history of French romanticism than a series of essays on prominent single figures of the time.—'The Private and Political Relations of Charles IV. with France' is a historical monograph by Adolph Gottlieb.—'Schiller and Goethe in the Estimation of their Contemporaries,' by Julius W. Braun, is a collection of newspaper criticisms, notices and communications concerning the poets and their works. It has just appeared in Berlin.

'German Style,' an important rhetorical work by Dr. Herm. Brunnhofer, has been published in Leipzig.—An important ethnological work by Herm. Vámbéry, published by Brockhaus, is 'The Origin of the Magyars.'—A selection from the papers of the minister and Burggraf of Marienburg, Theodor von Schön, has appeared in Berlin. The latest volume consists of about 120 letters of which a tenth part were written by Schön and the remainder by various distinguished persons, among whom were Arndt, Niebuhr, Princess Luise Radziwill, and Bishop Hohenzollern.

RUSSIAN NOTES.

THE *Rousskii Vestnik* for April opens with a historical paper on 'The Conquerors of Eastern Siberia.' An important article, by K. D. Kavelin, is 'Ideas of a Rural Landlord,' apropos of the work of D. M. Pozniak on the 'Peasant Question.' There is a second instalment of the serial 'Bezдна,' by B. M. Markevitch. An interesting biographical article is that on the archimandrite who founded the Nicolò-ougriesski monastery. 'Voices of Night' is a poem by Sergiei Kretchetoff. There is a review of Malkoff's tragic poem, 'Two Worlds.'

'Kitai-Gorod,' the leading Russian novel of last year, which appeared as a serial in the *Vestnik Evropii*, has been published in book-form in St. Petersburg. The author is Peter Boborükine.—A work on the coronations of the Czars of Russia, with descriptions of those ceremonies which have taken place during the present century, appeared in Russia apropos of the recent coronation of Alexander III.—'The Colleges in Ancient Rome,' by Julian Koualakovski, is an archaeological monograph recently published and well spoken of by the Russian critics.—The twelfth volume of the history of the Russian church, which is entitled 'The Patriarchate in Russia,' has just appeared in St. Petersburg. It was the last work of the author Makarti, the Metropolitan of Moscow and Kolomensk, who died June 9, 1882.

The Book-Exchange.

[UNDER this heading, any reader of THE CRITIC who wishes to exchange one book for another may advertise his wants. No statement will be published unless accompanied, as a guaranty of good faith, by the name and address of the person sending it. But each statement will be numbered, and in cases where the name of the advertiser is not printed, answers addressed to the proper number will be forwarded by THE CRITIC. In such cases a postage-stamp should be sent, to cover the cost of forwarding the answer from this office.—Payment will not be required for a single insertion, but when an advertisement is repeated, each additional insertion will be charged for at the rate of ten cents a line.]

30.—I would exchange *The International Review*, Vols. I. to VII., Olshausen's Commentaries, 6 vols., The authorship of Shakespeare (Holmes), The Shakespearean Myth (Morgan), English Literature (Underwood), and others, a list of which will be furnished on request, for Origen's and Tertullian's Works in the Ante-nicene Library, Chrysostom's Works, The Harvard Shakespeare, Vaughan's Hours with the Mystics, Ullman's Reformers before the Reformation, Tullach's Rational Theology, Hodge's Theology, and Pope's Theology. P. O. Box 153, Westerville, O.

Science

"Animal Intelligence."*

DR. ROMANES has, for a number of years past, paid special attention to the development of the nervous system and its manifestations in various types of the animal kingdom, and has at last presented us a special work on the intellectual phenomena observed by himself and others, duly classified and co-ordinated. We learn from the author's preface that many of the facts detailed were originally collected by Darwin with reference to the chapter on 'Instinct' in 'The Origin of Species.' The volume, therefore, is of interest as the recipient of the overflowings from that wonderful book, as well as through the numerous anecdotes narrated. But it is by no means a collection of unarranged and unconnected anecdotes, such as are too often presented under the guise of natural history.

In an introductory chapter Dr. Romanes discusses the nature of animal intelligence, and the differences between instinct and reason. He then proceeds to the consideration of intelligence as manifested in the different classes of animals from the lowest to the highest. In looking over these chapters the naturalist may feel disposed to apply doubt, scepticism, and positive negation to some of the data or the deductions derived therefrom, and to differently interpret some of the manifestations of the nervous system; but it will be always with deference and respect for the author. Perhaps the chapter which is most imperfect is that relative to fish. There is much more intelligence among that class than many are willing to concede, although we agree with Dr. Romanes that while 'the brain of a fish is formed upon a type which by increase of size and complexity is destined in function far to eclipse all other types of nerve-centre,' yet in its lowest stage of evolution 'this type is functionally inferior to the invertebrate type, where this reaches its highest stage of evolution in the hymenoptera.' (There is a vast difference between the potentiality of an organic type and specific performance.) Intelligence, and prevision especially, are much more frequently exercised by fish with regard to the future progeny than was at one time supposed. The only forms mentioned by Dr. Romanes as looking out for their young are the pterophryne histrio of the Sargassum Sea (called by our author chironectes), a species of gasterosteid, the anabantid macropodus, and the lophobranchiates. There are hosts of others, however, which likewise provide for the safety of their eggs and young; among which may be immediately recalled, by those familiar with the American forms, the

cat-fishes, as well as the black bass, the sun-fishes, and their kind generally. Cichlids of South America and Africa much resemble the northern sun-fishes in habits as well as appearance. Furthermore, species of cichlids (e.g. the tilapia of Syria and geophagi of South America), and also species of siluroids (e.g., arius, etc.) transfer their eggs to the mouth and there take care of them. Others (aspredines) attach theirs to the abdomen, and thus supervise them. The habits of the periophthalmines, although very noteworthy, have not been alluded to. Some of those singular fishes leave the water for the shore, and thereon progress by actual hops, and hunt the minute crustaceans, insects, etc. which frequent such places. Again, the emotions of jealousy and rivalry are manifested to such an extent by the anabantid betta pugnax of Siam, that the species has been cultivated by the inhabitants of the country for the sport they furnish, which for them vies in interest with the cock-fights and bull-fights of the Spanish peoples. It is in this connection worthy of remark that a peculiar race of the fish has become developed by cultivation, and the native name pla-kat, which means the fighter-fish, indicates the special attainments which endear it to the intelligent bipeds of the country. Reference to this form would have been very suitable to the pages of Dr. Romanes' book.

On the other hand, there are a few faults of commission, and certain misleading statements have crept in. Thus, the allegation respecting the climbing-fish of Tranqubar, observed by Daldorff, is referred to the 'climbing-perch (*perca scandens*).' This would naturally lead a reader of the present time to suppose that this fish was closely related to the northern fresh-water perch; but really the climbing-fish has no affinity with that type and belongs to a widely distinct family—the anabantids—in common with the gourami, fighting-fish, etc. When these affinities are understood, there is less reason for scepticism as to the habits attributed to it, and it may be added that the popular name and belief corroborate the statements of Daldorff, the Tamil name meaning climbing-fish. Further, apropos of the shark and pilot-fish, it is reported that on a certain occasion a shark, attended by four pilot-fishes, was caught, and that while he was being hoisted aboard, 'one of the pilots was seen to cling to his side until above water, when it dropped off.' It is obvious that a fish which 'clung' to a shark's side could not have been a true pilot-fish (*naucrates*), and it unquestionably was a sucking-fish or echeneid.

Still, Dr. Romanes has exercised discretion in weighing allegations about fishes. For example, he properly attributes 'archery' to the chelmon rostratus rather than to the toxotes jaculator, which certain unthinking naturalists (including Dr. Günther) have claimed to be the fish which fires drops of water at insects resting within easy distance of the would-be devourer. The book is a most interesting one, and will appeal to all classes of readers. Its statements may be almost always accepted as at least probable. In closing, we cannot forbear expressing the wish that more care had been exercised in preparing copy or reading proof. Nominal errors, typographical and others, are too common—e.g., Meenan for Meehan (p 197), Cones for Coues (p 248), Hydrargzra for Hydrargyra (p 248), Broun for Brown University (p 459), etc. It is true that most of these will be readily corrected, but, being out of place, corresponding words in the index may be lost sight of,—e.g. Cones for Coues, Conte for Le Conte, Doldorff for Daldorff, John for St. John, and Nicrophorus for Necro-

* Animal Intelligence. By George J. Romanes. (International Scientific Series.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

phorus. Such faults, however, are venial, and will be readily pardoned by the interested reader.

The Fine Arts

The Exhibition of Mr. La Farge's Pictures.

THE pictures by Mr. La Farge now on exhibition at the rooms of Mr. Sutton (American Art Gallery) are not new in the sense of being recently executed; for, as every one knows and as every one must regret, the artist has for some years past devoted himself exclusively to decorative work. Some of them have been exhibited before either in this city or in Boston, but others are less familiar, and all of them, it need hardly be said, are canvases that cannot be seen too often. Nor can the attention of the public be too often or too strongly drawn to them, since it is one of the most patent and one of the most regrettable of facts that the public, familiar as it is with Mr. La Farge's name and ready as it is to appreciate his essays in decoration, does not yet recognize him for what he is—the most original, the most ideal, the most fervent poet (taking the word in its artistic and not its literary sense), who has yet been born in America; a technician of great individuality and grace; and a colorist who is not only without a rival in this country but without a living superior to-day.

Of most of these pictures we cannot here speak in detail—only of the one or two which seem to us the finest, and which are doubtless unfamiliar to New York amateurs. One of them is an exquisite little crayon-drawing of a mother and child—scarcely more than an outline, but in tenderness of feeling, in pure dignity of type, and in simplicity of manner, akin to the work done in great Italian days. Another is a small oil showing the figure of a woman, a martyr one supposes, drifting in a tiny boat on a dark river under the most tender and mysterious of twilight skies. This little work shows the very best of Mr. La Farge's gifts—the beautiful, rich, solemn splendor of color he can attain, and the intensity and sweetness of expression he can put into the human face. We should rank this perhaps above all its present fellows, and with the most perfect creations of modern art.

Its only possible rival here is the larger canvas called 'Virgil' in which the color is very beautiful but more decorative, less subtle and less rare, kept all in a cool and charming green tone. The picture illustrates the lines of St. Beuve where he says of Virgil: 'Ses délices, à lui, étaient de faire de belles choses en silence et dans l'ombre, et sans cesser de vivre avec les Nymphes des bois et des fontaines, avec les dieux cachés.' A green glade where the poet writes, bending his beautiful face over the book upon his knee, a tangle of green foliage and pink blossoms in the foreground, and a nymph in green who bends the boughs aside to glance at the unconscious writer—this is the picture, an example of true illustrative work, giving the very essence of the text but holding its place quite independently thereof as a beautiful, coherent, and intelligible picture, which to be understood and enjoyed needs no mention of its title. Without any guide we see the poet and the nymph, all the artist's feeling, all his meaning. Virgil's name, St. Beuve's description, are but accessories of minor interest. The picture gives them a value, not they the picture.

It is to be hoped that even now, at the fag end of what has been a busy season, no real lover of pictures in New York, and no one who wishes to learn what poetry may rightly mean in painting, will omit to see these canvases.

Italian Sculptors. *

THIS little book is in continuation of the volume on Ghiberti and Donatello in the same series. From these two great men sprang the two great schools of the Italian Renaissance, the one naturalistic, the other more conventional and ornate. Donatello, Della Robbia and Jacopo della Quercia were of the former, far the more interesting and the more powerful school; Ghiberti, Rossellino and Sansovino of the latter. The present volume gives some account of half a dozen or so sculptors belonging to each group, and prepares the way for a proper understanding of the great period that culminated in Michael Angelo's best efforts. About one third of the wood-cuts with which the text is illustrated had better have been omitted. The others fairly answer their purpose. The illustrations in a book of this sort are of very great importance—quite as important as the text—and although the very highest art is not necessary, yet it would not be thrown away upon them. The publishers of the series ought to maintain a fair average in this respect.

The Drama

THE past theatrical season was not very satisfactory. Whatever honors belonged to it were won by Americans. The best drama was 'Young Mrs. Winthrop,' the work of an American. The best adaptation was 'Seven Twenty Eight,' the work of an American. The best piece of acting was Mr. Mansfield's Baron Chevrial, the work of an American. On the other hand, the play that had the shortest life was 'Serge Panine,' the work of a Frenchman; and the piece which from every point of view was the worst of the season was 'Taken from Life,' the work of an Englishman.

A few of the foreign importations were found pleasant to the taste. Mme Théo charmed all hearts. Her prettily innocent ways, her baby pout, were exceedingly refreshing to jaded audiences who had long been regaled with the horse-play of Mlle. Aimée and the broad grins of Mlle. Paola Marié. The vivacity of Mr. Wyndham, too, was also very acceptable, for now that Mr. Lester Wallack has passed his prime, all the mercurial spirits of the boards seemed to have fled. Mrs. Langtry met with a great pecuniary success, which is alike discreditable to American audiences and detrimental to the American stage. If a brazen, doll-faced Englishwoman, flaunting her private scandals, ignorant of the rudiments of her art, is to be acclaimed as the heroine of the season, then it is time for THE CRITIC to despair of the theatre, and get down from the pulpit from which it has long been discoursing.

Mr. Wallack has passed six more milestones on the road to ruin. By some singular infatuation he has chosen to devote himself to works of the foreign stage. He has engaged a company of fourth-rate English actors, and has produced rubbish which must turn the gorge of so skilful a writer of comedy, so polished a man of the world, as Mr. Wallack himself. The consequence is that he has lost his clientèle. No person of education now goes to Wallack's Theatre as long as even the San Francisco Minstrels present a rival attraction. When all else that is new has been seen, people say in despair, 'Well, let's go to Wallack's'; and there they find the same old English trash, the same Mr. Tearle, the same Miss Coghlan, the same cockney jokes, the same insufferable vulgarity, which have swept the wave of fashion clear away from the theatre that once rode on its crest.

* Luca della Robbia, with Other Italian Sculptors. By Leader Scott. New York: Scribner & Welford.

The most successful play of Mr. Wallack's season was 'The Silver King.' We differed from a good many people in our opinion of this play, and its authors called us 'liars.' Well, hard words break no bones, and if critics speak their mind about a play, they must expect some knocks in return. After all, it is a matter of taste. Two or three people assured us that they cried very heartily over the sorrows of 'The Silver King'; others told us that they considered it unmitigated nonsense. We agreed with the latter. That scene with the murdered man would have been finely wrought by authors of true dramatic instinct. Messrs. Herman and Jones frittered it away. Mr. Boucicault would have made the dialogue gleam with picturesque sayings or shafts of wit. Messrs. Herman and Jones doled out platitude after platitude. As a melodrama, 'Siberia,' by Mr. Bartley Campbell, seemed to us vastly superior.

The comedy-writers of Mr. Wallack's season were Mr. G. W. Godfrey, Mr. Sydney Grundy, and Mr. Clement Scott. All three seem pretty dull writers, and none of them can do anything like the work which Mr. Bronson Howard and Mr. Augustin Daly accomplish in comedy. 'The Queen's Shilling' was a puerile version of 'The Lancers,' giving a view of army life in England which resembled it about as closely as 'English as She is Spoke' resembles our mother-tongue. 'The Parvenu' gave Miss Adela Meador an opportunity to get up a tree and say one or two smart things, and for the rest was hopelessly stupid. 'The Cape Mail' spoiled that admirable little play 'Jeanne qui Pleure et Jeanne qui Rit'; and the 'Snowball' spoiled Scribe's 'Oscar.' Mr. Wallack probably thinks that these plays failed because the taste for comedy has passed. There could be no greater mistake. The taste for modern English comedy, as written by the triflers and dunces who have now obtained credit, is absolutely dead. We trust that it will never revive.

Nor is it any better with the French stage. It has been represented during the season by 'The Rantzaus' and 'The Parisian Romance,' produced at the Union Square. Both were written by famous men, and both failed on their merits, the second being dragged out of the fire solely by the great histrionic effort of Mr. Richard Mansfield. Of course, the fault may have lain in the adaptation, and it has certainly been the misfortune of the Union Square that it has vulgarized all it has touched. Through the mists of commonplace which enshrouded 'The Rantzaus,' one could dimly discern the idyllic grace of Erekmann and Chatrian. Through the lurid haze which enwrapped the 'Parisian Romance,' one could see glimpses of the elegance of Octave Feuillet. But both plays represented a type of civilization quite foreign to an American audience. There was no poetic treatment to redeem the strangeness of their scenes. People do not want French plays any more than they want English plays. They are quite as sick of Mr. Palmer's methods as they are of Mr. Wallack's methods; and if Mr. Wallack has now taken up the heritage of Mr. Palmer, and for stupid English pieces means to give us stupid French pieces, he will reach the bottom of the hill even quicker than we had thought.

Now mark the difference between a manager of the past and a manager of the present. Mr. Augustin Daly also presents foreign plays. He takes them wherever he finds them, chiefly in Germany. But in his hands they cease to be foreign. He transplants them. He Americanizes them. He so transforms their characters as to bring them thoroughly within the sympathies of

an American audience. That is the secret of 'Seven Twenty Eight.' A dozen playwrights might have unsuccessfully handled the German original. Mr. Daly alone knows the art of completely changing its atmosphere. When he is least successful, as in 'Our English Friend,' it is because he has not performed the process thoroughly. Occasionally, as in 'The Squire,' he produces an English play. 'The Squire' was exceptionally well-written. It is the best piece which, for a long time, has come to us from England. It only thrived fairly well in Mr. Daly's hands, and was easily eclipsed by 'Seven Twenty Eight.'

Then there is the case of Messrs. Harrigan and Hart. They have been out of luck this season. 'Mordecai Lyons' was a Bowery melodrama, with one or two humorous incidents which were not humorous enough for the gallery. 'McSorley's Inflation' was an epic of Washington Market and a Floating Bethel, and here the popular songs were not up to the mark. 'The Muddy Day' was a romance of the mud-scows, and its story was hopelessly confused. The truth is that the theatre wants new blood. It cannot keep up its success on the old lines. The vein of gold struck in 'The Mulligan Guards' is very nearly exhausted, and we hardly think Mr. Harrigan will be able to repeat his former triumphs. He wants a literary partner,—some man of wit who knows the town as well as Mr. Harrigan knows it, and who can contribute the variety which Mr. Harrigan lacks. Properly wrought, local drama has no limit set to it. New York audiences like to see pictures of New York life, and it would be well if managers remembered that the presentation of these pictures is the whole secret of the success of Messrs. Harrigan and Hart.

But the prosperity of the Madison Square Theatre is, of course, the best proof of the tide which has set in favor of American plays. Wiseacres have attributed it to the tone of the house, the beauty of the scenery, the perfection of the management. These, no doubt, have been considerable elements in the success; but over them all rises the fact that the plays of the Madison Square are native work. 'Young Mrs. Winthrop,' by Mr. Bronson Howard, opened the season brilliantly. 'A Russian Honeymoon,' by Mrs. Burton Harrison, was found a most dainty and delicate *hors d'œuvre*. 'The Rajah,' by Mr. William Young, will run trippingly and merrily through the summer. This is the road to success. Jealousy and malice may snap and snarl, but a school of American dramatists will be formed in spite of all that jealousy and malice can do. We have often said that the only reason why the critics attack the Madison Square is because they are opposed to all American work. The dramatic critic of the *Tribune* picks up the charge and says politely that we are 'fools.' All right. We are quite content to be called 'liars' by the authors of 'The Silver King' and 'fools' by the dramatic critic of the *Tribune*. So long as they heed our words and mend their ways, our purpose is gained.

For many months we have preached that there is no future in America for anything but the American drama. Our prediction and the reasons of it have been widely circulated. We have been overwhelmed with letters, either of approval or of protest. We have done our best to guard the American stage against the foreign contagion which threatened it, and the foreign papers have taken up our remarks as a sort of personal insult. We hope to spread the same doctrines with the same success during the coming season, and are not to be deterred by illiterate playwrights who call us 'liars' or jaundiced critics who call us 'fools.'